

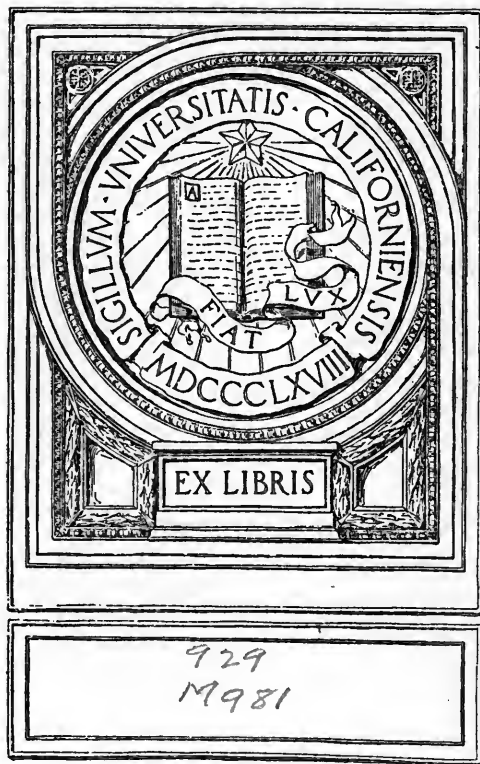
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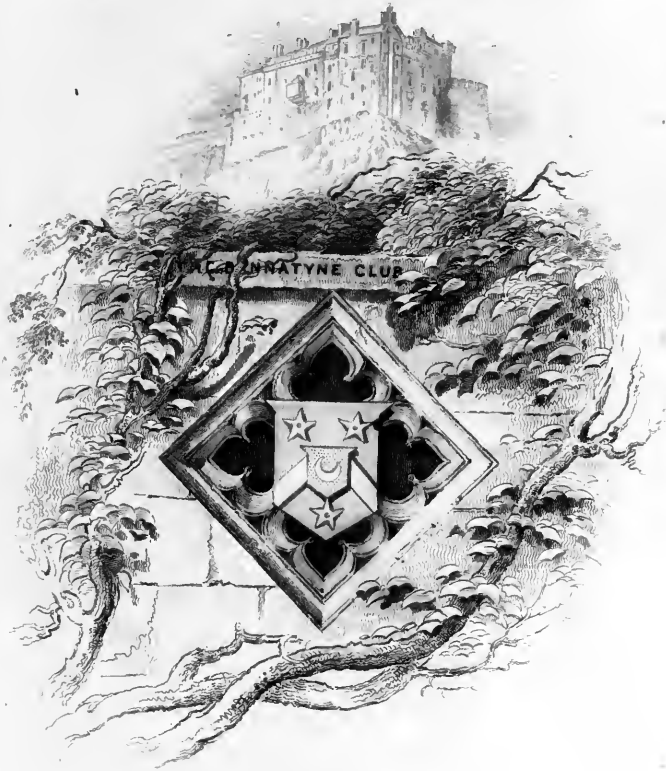


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UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

P O E M S
BY
SIR DAVID MURRAY
OF GORTHY.



EDINBURGH:

REPRINTED BY JAMES BALLANTYNE AND CO.

MDCCCXXIII.

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TO THE
MEMBERS OF THE

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

OF THE

AMERICAN



THIS THE SECOND IMPRESSION OF
THE POEMS OF SIR DAVID MURRAY,
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
AND PRESENTED
TO
SIR WALTER SCOTT OF ABBOTSFORD,
AND TO
THE OTHER MEMBERS
OF
The Bannatyne Club,
BY
THOMAS KINNEAR.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

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THIS Reprint of the only editions of SIR DAVID MURRAY'S POEMS extant, has been made from copies in the Library of the University of Edinburgh, which were given to that Institution by WILLIAM DRUMMOND of Hawthornden, to whom they had been presented by the Author. The University copy of the PARAPHRASE OF THE 104TH PSALM is believed to be unique.

The POEMS printed in 1611, have been collated with a copy in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates. The scarcity of the Volume is so great, that a copy of it, in 1819, at the sale of Mr BINDLEY'S Library, produced the sum of Thirty-two Guineas.

SIR DAVID MURRAY of Gorthy was a younger son of MURRAY of Abercairney, by a daughter of MURRAY of Tullibardine. He is best known as the tutor and friend of PRINCE HENRY, the eldest son of JAMES VI., and is mentioned by numerous contemporary authors as a man of learning, accomplishments, and virtue. HENRY'S advancement in these is well known to those acquainted with the history of the period; and his affectionate attachment to MURRAY has been recorded in many circumstances of HENRY'S life, from his boyhood to the time of his premature and unhappy decease.

1841



To the high and mighty Prince,
HENRY *Prince of Wales, Duke*
of Cornwall and Rothsay, Knight
of the most noble order of the
Garter.

THrife Noble Prince, by birth, by blood, by fame,
Renown'd by all, whom all men do adore,
Not so much lou'd for greatnesse of your name,
As for those vertues does your name decore :
Young *Hæros*, whose hæroick actions fore
Beyond the limits of your yet-spent yeares,
Braue stately minde, wherein this time doth glore,
Whose praises praying parts, the world admires :
Vnder the shadow of your Eagles wings,
(Since no where else she can for safety flie)
My humble Muse, most royall impe of Kings,
In tragick verse, presents your Princely eye,
With a true story of a Queenes sad case,
Who gaue her life to flee a foule disgrace.

Another to the Prince.

EVEN as the Eagle through the empty skie,
Conuoies her young ones on her foaring wings,
Aboue the azur'd vaults, till shee them brings,
Where they on *Phæbus* glorious beames may pry :
So (mighty Prince) my Muse now soares on high,
Aboue the vulgar reach, to higher spheares,

With this scarfe ripened Eaglet-birth of hers,
Vnto the view of your Maieftick eye,
But if it hap, as hap, I feare, it fhall,
Shee may not bide your cenfures dazeling touch,
The higher flight, the more renowned fall,
It fhall fuffice, that her attempt was fuch,
But if in ought fhee pleafe your Princely view,
Then fhee attaines the marke, at which fhe flew.

Your Highneffe moft loyall
and affectionate feruant,

DA: MURRAY.

The Argument of this Poeme.

AT what time that great and fatall enemy of Rome, Hannibal (after that he had wonne those memorable and famous battels of Ticenum, Trebesa, Thracimen, and Cannes) had ouer-run and subdued the most part of all Italy, putting Rome herselfe into a maruellous feare to haue beene surprised if he had then followed his fortune : Of all her great Captains and Commanders (she then had) Fabius Maximus was esteemed the most wise and politicke, Marcellus the most valiant, because by experience in sundry conflicts, he made the Romans knowe, that Hannibal was not invincible : yet of them all none so much repined to see the Maiessty, and greatnesse of her state limited, as it were, within her owne wals ; as young Publius Corn. Scipio, the sonne of that Publ. Scipio, who first fought with Hannibal at his coming into Italy, and afterwards kild, valiantly fighting against his enemies, in Spain, with his brother Cne. Scipio. They both thus dead, and the army there destitute of a Commander, the Senat long time consulted to find out some worthy Captaine to supply that roome, but could find no man that durst undertake so dangerous a charge, considering the losse of two so great and famous Captaines before. Til at length the whole assembly beeing called, to chuse a Vice-consull, all the other Princes and Peeres of the Realme being silent at so worthy a motion, Scipio beeing but 24. yeares of age, accepted the charge, and immediately thereupon departed for Spaine, which to his immortall glorie, he quickly subdued againe to the Romaine obedience ; from whence returning to Rome, he was presently chosen Consul, with the great ioy and applause of the people : and had Cicill assigned to him for his Prouince, with power (if he pleased) to make war in Aphrick.

The Argument.

So beeing stirred vp therto by the often intreaties, and great promises of Maffiniffa king of Numidia, a valorous and courageous young Prince, and a great friend of the Romanes, he leauied new forces, and hauing prepared ships and munition in Sicill fit for such a iourney, went thither : and after many famous battels, at the last he ouercame Hafdribal, and Syphax king of the Mascæcilians ; who to enioy the beautie of Sophonisba, the daughter of the sayd Hafdribal, had but lately left the Romane friendship, to take part with the Carthaginians ; to follow whome Scipio sent Maffiniffa, with Caius Lælius and his light horse-men, whom they pursued to his owne country, and there in a new conflict tooke him prisoner. Thereafter Maffiniffa went to Cyrtha the chiefe citty of his Realme, which he took, and there at the first view became enamoured with the matchlesse and incomparable beauty of Sophonisba, whom not only he promised to free frō Romane bondage, but also tooke her to his wife : which Scipio vnderstanding, sharply rebukes him for his fault, telling him, that no Romane confederate was able to giue libertie to a prisoner taken by the Romane armes, who heauily regrating his offence, to so courteous and continent a Captaine, and lamenting, hee could not obserue his promise to Sophonisba, sends her a cup of poyson, with a letter, shewing her, hee could not else obserue his faith giuen to her but by that potion, which she immediately drinks, to preuent all further misery, and giues me the Argument of this Poeme.

To

To my louing Cousin Da: Murray.

FAire *Sophonisba* on her tragike stage,
(To death, or bondage worfe then death design'd)
Doth shew the greatnesse of a proud grieu'd minde,
Th' ambitious thoughts of *Scipio* to assuage:
With courage farre aboue her sex and age,
She quafs the cup her loue-sick Lord propin'd,
By which although her liues-thred was vntwyn'd,
Yet she triumphs aboue the Roman rage:
Thrice happy Queene, and more then happy thrice,
Who finds a rare Phyfition with fuch skil,
To rob the Fates of thee there lawfull prize,
By vertue of his euer-liuing quill,
And makes that poyson which bereft thy breath,
By power of his pen, to poyson death.

Your louing Cousin.

I O H N M U R R A Y.

To my kinde friend Da: Murray.

IN new attire (and put most neatly on)
Thou *Murray* mak'st thy passionate Queene apeare,
As when she sat on the Numidian throne,
Deck'd with those Gems that most refulgent were.
So thy stronge muse her maker like repaires,
That from the ruins of her wasted vrne,
Into a body of delicious ayres:
Again her spirit doth transmigrated turne,
That scortching foile which thy great subiect bore,
Bred those that coldly but expref'd her merit,

But

But breathing now vpon our colder shore,
Here thee hath found a noble fiery spirit,
Both there, and here, so fortunate for Fame,
That what she was, she's euery where the same.

M. DRAYTON.

To my deere friend DA: Murray.

FAME (slauē to Time) still flying here and there,
Tels what sad wonders in this world hath beene,
Wrought with the tragike pencil of dispaire,
Which doth nought else but horri'd woes containe,
Braue *Sophonisba*, faire, and stately Queene
Whom *Murrays* wits, for vertue, now adores,
None but this age her (matchlesse) like hath seene
And none so high, her well deseruing fores :
For what thee lost, his Muse againe restores,
Her life adornes his euer-liuing lines
His pen, her praise, each other still decores,
So in her worth, his verse, most brightly shines :
Faire Queene whose death did end the Romans strife,
Hath made his Muse giue her a brauer life.

SIMON GRAHAME.

The



The Tragicall Death of *Sophonisba.*

SAD *Massinissa*, fwoolne with grieve and rage,
When all his credit seru'd not to intreat
His braue victorious friend, to dif-engage
His late-spouf'd Lady from a seruile state :
Halfe mad, diftraught, confus'dly doth hee write,
To show, the Romaine Conqueror thinks to fend
Her as a flauie his triumph to attend.

But lo (quoth he) t'auoyd this vnkind doome,
And that my oath vn-uiolate remaine,
Made once to thee, thou neuer shouldst see Rome :
That her proud Dames might glory in thy paine,
And point their fingers at thee in difdaine :
I fend thee here a potion with my letters,
To faue my faith from foyle, and thee from fetters.

Yet if my vnfain'd tears can haue the force,
(Deare Idoll of my foule) with thee fo much,
I pray thee onely haue this small remorse
Of thine owne life, this cup thou neuer touch,
Till that thou fee thy haplefs fortune fuch
As nothing else can ferue : I fay (though loth)
Drinke this to faue thine honor, and my oth.

B

In

The Tragicall Death

In this meane time il' labour with thy foe,
In whose assistance I haue spent my blood,
To pittie thy estate, and ease my woe,
In the releasing of thy seruitude ;
Which if his gentle Nature shall thinke good,
 Straight you shall know, if hee refuse, too soone,
 These lines, aye me ! haue said what should be done.

Thus hauing written, with a fighting spirit,
Hee foulds those blacke newes in a snow-white sheet,
Vtt'ring these speeches, to the scroll ; her merit
Deseru'd a better present then this writ :
Yet shall she see so rare a thing in it,
 From seruitude and shame shall saue her now,
 And likewise me from a polluted vow.

Then quickly cals he vnto him a post,
Whose secrecy he oftimes vs'd to proue,
Whom straight-waies he commands to leaue the hoste,
And beare these gifts of death vnto his loue ;
Who doth no sooner from his sight remoue,
 But straight his conscience summons out his fact,
 T' appeare before him in a shape most blacke.

Behold the resolutions of man,
How vnaduifdly, sometimes, they proceed
Breeding repentance oftimes, when they can
Not bringe a backe that which they once decreed ;
Th' al-ruling heauens being the cause indeed,
 Which scorning humane wisdom lets vs know,
 The imperfections of our thoughts below.

For

Of Sophonisba.

For loe this Prince who lately thought his faith,
And his sweet Ladies liberty to stand,
In the post-speedy acting of her death,
Which made him this sad message to command,
Which being past he rewees it out of hand.

But can not now remend it, which is worfe,
„ Too late repentance euer breeds remorse.

The messenger whom time and vse had learn'd,
Obsequious duty to his maisters will,
Hasts to his iourney, hauing not discern'd,
The foddaine passion that his foule did kill :
Each cannot gaze a Princes breast intill.

Whose outward iestures seldome doe bewray,
Those inward griefes, whercon there thoughts doe prey.

So ist with him who on his iourney goes,
Thinking on nothing but a quick returne,
Leauing his maister so o'r-come with woes,
That downe he lies vpon his bed to mourne :
Whose scalding fighes which inwardly doe burne,
The perly conduites of his teares vp dries,
As *Phæbus* drinks the May dew from the skies.

It was the time by this the post departed,
That golden *Phæbus* hides his glorious beames,
Low in the Westerne Ocean, when vncarted :
His neighing steeds leauing their wearied teames,
Whose mouthes through trauell yet the froth out fumes,
Goes to their nightly manger, and their guide,
In *Thetis* lap his hoary head did hide.

The Tragickall Death

A fable darkenefse did the earth o'reshed,
And busie labourers left their dayly toile :
Way-faring Pilgrims wished peryods made
To that dayes iourney, wearied with turmoile,
The pearly dew besprinkled all the foile :
And chaste *Diana* gan for to arise,
And thrust her forked head into the skies.

Both man and beast, and all the fowles that flies,
Betooke them to the nights delighting ease :
Nothing did stirre, saue that the trembling trees,
Did by their shakings little whisprings raise :
The filuer streames slide softly by their braise.
And fauing wronged *Philomell*, that wept
Her wofull rape, each other creature slept.

The Heauens were calme, imbrodered with starres,
The earth was silent, and the seas at rest,
Eole and *Neptune* left their wonted warres,
And as companions for that night embrac'd,
And if it were not mindes with griefe oppress'd,
Whose carefull thoughts are still renew'd by night,
A drowfie slumber did possesse each wight.

And well this folitary time did fit,
The griefe-oppressed minde of this great Lord,
Who now almost distract of fence and wit,
His loues estate such passions do affoord,
'That he has scarcely power to breath one word ;
„ For greatest sorrowes oft-times hold their peace,
„ While little grieues to prattle neuer cease.

His

Of Sophonisba.

His tounge into his throates deepe center flies,
In silence there for euer to abide,
Likewise, ashamed of the light, his eyes
Within their Iuory couerlets them hide,
From thence againe, nere thinking to be spide,
For since the light of his desires was gone;
He thought no light was to be look't vpon.

Nothing he heares but straight affrights his eares,
Each thing he fees and touches, breeds him terror :
Without benum'd of sense, within his feares
Perplexe his minde, with ougly shapes of horror,
His conscience still vpbraides him, with his error,
First of the making of his vowe, and next,
That found so fowle a meane to keepe it fixt.

Ten thousand sundry thoughts at once molest him,
In diuerse formes presenting diuers woes,
The harmlesse bed wherein he lyes to rest him,
Of his past deed he thinkes the fondnesse shoves,
His cares growne big with many bitter throwes,
Seeke for deliury from his griefe swolne brest,
Which in the birth dye smothered and opprest.

He burnes, he swels, he turnes, and takes no rest,
With anger, rage, with griefe, and restless groanes,
So great a masse of sorrowes him opprest,
As now the world deliuered, he suppones,
And free exempt from cares, releas'd of moanes,
Her spacious face so oft before had troubled,
And all laide now on him, yea more then doubled.

The Tragicall Death

His forrow-filent-stricken-toung, cannot
Keepe back the passage of his fighes, no more
Which so affailes it, that it leaues his throate,
Returning thither whence it fled before,
While comming to his breath's faire Iuory doore,
It begs a passport from his lips of new,
To those greefe-boyling fighes which so pursue.

But they like volleys, willing to be wrocken,
On it poore toung, that staide their course so long,
Disorderly do march, their rankes being broken
All would be first for to reueng their wrong,
Euen as wee see a mad vnruely throng,
Of countrey Clownes, to sack some bordering towne,
Run swarming from the hills and mountaines downe.

Or as a Christall current, that is staide,
To pay his debtfull tribute to the sea,
His channell stopt, whereby his course delayd,
He's forst a back vnto his source to flye,
Till that his streames increaf'd, he growes so high,
That ouer bankes and braies he runs a maine,
Impetuously vnto the sea againe.

So his vnruely fighes all head-long follow,
Each striuing first who shall preuent an other :
But his throats entry being straight and hollow,
And they in number numberlesse come thither,
Cannot afford them passage altogether.
While striuing for the place each in disdaine,
Sends one another smothered back againe.

His

Of Sophonisba.

His eyes which all this time inclosed lye,
Gazing vpon the motions of the thought :
How soone those ciuill broyles they do espye,
That sorrow had to his mindes kingdome brought,
No longer in their Couerletts they mought
Behould the tragick view of their friends dying,
But straight retires them to their former being.

His tounge and eyes now com'd to their owne place,
It enters to complaine, and they to weepe,
For since the ardor of his fighes did cease,
The humid vapours which his heart did keepe,
Vnboyld by them, to his eyes cesterns creepe.
From thence vpon his tender cheekes downe hopps,
Hanging like Perles vpon his soft-downe cropps.

And after long spent tears, his tounge at length
In pittious sort those wofull words did breath,
Wretch'd *Maffinissa*, had thou not the strength,
To saue one poore distressed Dame from death,
Brought vnder by vnconstant fortunes wrath ?
Who onely vnder safety of thy shield,
Poore Lady, life and liberty did yeeld.

And that on such a couenant alasse,
Shee thee ingag'd these Iewels of her minde,
That thou should still preferue her from disgrace,
Which thou to doe, thy selfe by oath didst binde,
O cruell, cruell, thousand times vnkinde,
That could not else obserue thy passed faith,
But by thy haplesse louers wofull death.

The Tragicall Death

Ah ! who had seene her, when thou didst behold her,
Heauing her faire and snow-white hands to thee.
Crauing thy pittie, as thy selfe then told her,
(Though in th' extreamest state of misery)
Became much rather her sweete selfe to bee
A pittie giuer, then to beg the fame,
That so with lookes the conqueror ouer-came.

Throwne downe by fortune, plung'd in deepe distresse,
Crof'd with affliction, ouer-come with sorrow :
Touch'd with each passion, could a minde oppresse ;
Captiu'd or night, that was a Queene at morrow,
Yet her sweet looks, though sad sweet looks did borrow,
Both pittie, and compassion, to her grieve,
Deferring present euill, t'a worse mischiefe.

Vindictiue thoughts, calamity and care,
Foes vnto beauty, maiesty, and grace,
Made her not seeme lesse beautifull, lesse faire,
For though that sorrow seem'd to maske her face,
Yet her faire eyes, as if they scorn'd disgrace,
Whiles floods of liquid pearls down fro them powres,
Did glance like *Phæbus* rayes in Aprill showres.

Ay me ! vnhappy, thus to minde her rarieties,
To which all hearts and eyes did owe their feauty,
Whiles all her vertues (as contesting parties ;)
Doe now vpbraide me with the breach of duty,
For had she not beene of such birth and beauty ;
And alwayes matchlesse-excellent, God knowes,
Her mischiefes had beene lesse, and lesse my woes.

For

Of Sophonisba.

For, oh ! this grieues me more then death ten-fold,
To thinke that one of such desert must dye,
And that I haue not power to controul't,
Yea that I must the author thereof be,
Oh wondrous ! wondrous contrariety !
 Oh wofull chance ! grieve past compare to giue
 Death to that life, by which I onely liue.

Oh this it is torments my martyr'd minde,
That my vnhappy destiny is such,
To prooue most cruell, where I would most kinde :
Is this th' effect ? O gods ! of louing much,
If it be so, let neuer loue more touch
 The plagued heart of such a wofull wretch,
 Curst be that loue that cruelty doth hatch.

Sweete *Sophonisba*, when thou shalt receiue,
That hatefull potion, which I now haue sent thee ;
It will not grieve thee halfe so much to leaue
(I know the heauens so great a spirit haue lent thee)
Thy lingring life, as that it will repent thee,
 Thou was not kild in that vnhappy day,
 When in proud *Cyrtha* thou became my prey.

For had thou then by rage of victors wrath,
Beene cruelly kild by force of Sword or Dart,
More happy thrice had beene thy haplesse death,
And gladlier might thy Ghost to *Styx* depart,
Nor left to dye by one to whom thy heart
 Thou gaue in pledge of liberty and life,
 Who sau'd a captiue Queene to kill a wife.

But

The Tragical Death

But now to die when life was most assur'd
By oath and promise seal'd with wedlockes knot,
An heauy burdning n'ere to be indur'd,
Detested fact which cannot be forgott,
Haynous offence which neuer Time shall blot :
But that it shall, by all-relating fame,
Fly through the world to my eternall shame.

Why did I not fore-warne thee at thy taking,
Freely to death or bondage to giue place ?
But then (alas) was no such bargaine making,
For the nere-like-scene beauty of thy face,
Bewicht me then with such inchanting grace,
That in despite of all the Romane fwords,
I vow'd thy safety and defence by words.

Which oh ! hath prou'd a weake and strengthlesse vow,
Affording nothing vnto thee but death :
For had thou daign'd thy haughty heart to bow
To th' meanest souldier that our Legions hath,
He rather would haue sacrific'd his breath,
Or that he would haue suffered thee to bee
Vs'd by constraint, much lesse haue scene thee die.

But I much more then common souldiers be :
A Captaine, a Commander, and a King,
Whom Fortune in her grace aduanc'd so high,
That mighty Princes I to bands did bring,
Cannot (alas) O to be wondred thing !
Thee poore distressed Dame from bondage shield,
Who to none liuing but my selfe would yeeld.

Thou

Of Sophonisba.

Thou neither life, nor kingdome didst implore,
Nor yet thy husband *Syphax* his releefe,
Nor that they would thy royalty restore,
Nor that thy followers might auoide mischief,
No, haplesse Queene, this was thy onely griefe,
And wofull fute, that to no Romaine borne,
Thou might be giu'n to liue in seruile scorne.

Innated hatred, bred in either blood,
Of *Carthaginian* and of *Romaine* race,
Farre worse then death, feare of their seruitude,
Made thee alas, to thinke it lesse disgrace,
To haue beene sacrificed in that place,
By some—bloud guilty hand, nor liu'd a Queene,
In chaines of gold, in *Romes* faire Citty seene.

Which made thee to relye thy hopes on me,
Whom neighbourhood and nature did combine,
Com'd of Italian blood by no degree,
But of that ancient great *Numidian* line,
Which euer at *Romes* greatnesse did repine :
And most of all, this one thing mou'd thy minde.
That I was theirs by chance, and not by kinde,

And on my part much more did challenge loue,
Then countrey, blood, or birth, or high degree,
Maiesticke courage, beauty, grace, did mooue,
And plead compassion in the cruellest eye,
Hard Tygrish harted, and remorselesse hee,
Hearing thy fighes and plaints, veiwing thy teares,
Would not haue freed the scorning world of feares.

Is

The Tragical Death

Is death a ioynter equall to thy dower ?
Should such a beauty be bereft of breath ?
But feeble *Massinissa* see thy power,
Behold the fruites are frustrate of thy faith,
Who couldst not faue a Lady faire from death,
To whom (alas) were left no other meanes,
But she must die a Queene, or liue in chaines.

O Liberty ! too dearely, dearely bought
At such a rate, so ranfom'd and obtain'd,
And who procures you so, may well be thought
Of his owne life too prodigall a friend :
O cruell freedome ! that must be maintain'd
By blouds expence, and by no other way,
As this vnhappy wretched Queene may say.

Yet wronged Lady, thou art not to blame,
Now to exchange thy life for liberty :
I must sustaine the blot thereof with shame,
As th' onely author of thy miserie ;
Happy, (though haples I) thou ay shalt be,
For thy braue mind into renowne be had,
Though still detested I who thee betrayd.

What shall the world and comming ages speake,
When they shall read the story of thy fall ?
Shall they not sweare that I might iustly breake
To flinty *Scipio*, and the *Romaines* all ?
A traytor to my heart they shall me call :
To thee but mercy : cruell, and vnkind,
And iustly all to me may be assign'd.

Both

Of Sophonisba.

Both to my Deare vngratefull, and to Nature
I shall be thought (alas) for euer still,
That furnisht death, vnto so rare a creature,
Whom euen Deaths selfe did pittie (oh) to kill :
O to be thought-of-memorable ill !
Which by no tract of time shall be forgotten,
But shall grow euer greene, when it seemes rotten.

What rests there then (detested wretch) to thee ?
But that thou find out some repairelesse place
To waile thy woes : but whither shalt thou flie
To saue thee from the sting of thy disgrace ?
For no where great *Apollo* shoves his face,
To Indus, Tagus, Tay, nor Nilus streame,
But all shall know vile *Maffinissa's* shame.

Mourne forth thy shame with neuer-stanching teares,
Sigh for thy error till thy heart be broken,
Acquaint thy wrong to Tygers, Wolfes, and Beares,
Whose quenchles thirst of blood, thy blood may flocken,
That so thy fault may be feuerely wrocken :
And for thy beastly cruelty, that they
To stanch their hunger, on thy corps may prey.

But if more pittie in their sauage hearts,
There be nor was in thy remorselesse mind,
Thinke that the same nought els to thee imparts,
But as thou nature, so they'l passe their kind,
Which being to rapine and to bloud inclin'd,
Yet least it were a benefite to thee,
From tortring thoughts deny thy foule to free.

And

The Tragickall Death

And sometimes while the Turtle moanes her make,
With many a heauie, shrill, and piteous crie,
Leaning her soft brest to a withered stake,
Still crauing death, (poore bird) but cannot die :
No other beast neere-hand, nor no fowle nye,
Who hauing lost her loue, doth hate repaire,
Be thou her Eccho to refound her care.

Sing thou the treble to her mournfull fongs,
Reply her sad notes with thy dying grones,
While she bewailes her griefes, bewaile thy wrongs,
And as she sits on prickes, sit thou on stones :
This sympathie shall best become your moanes ;
This harmony of neuer-dying playnts,
Best fits the humors of such male-contents.

This Purgatorie-penance to endure,
With patience thy selfe till death content,
Into those desarts where thou must immure
Thy errors euerlasting penitent,
Ne're finding one with whom thou maist frequent ;
Vnlesse thou hap vpon some homely cell,
Where Pilgrims haunt and hoary Hermits dwel.

Liue then this death, or rather dye this life,
Let it be death to liue, and life to die :
Let thy owne foule be with thy foule at strife :
Let thy owne heart, thy hearts own bourreau be,
Let all the euils on earth triumph in thee,
Let still thy selfe be of these euils the worst,
In actions all, in life, in death accurst.

Thus

Of Sophonisba.

Thus al the night he did his plaints renew,
Mourning his sweet loues wofull miserie :
And now the Morning lent a loath'd adew,
Till amorous *Titan* in a scarlet die,
And the swift-winged Confort mounting high,
Tun'd out their sweetest warbles in the skies,
Till *Phæbus* wakened with their restlesse cries.

Who peece and peece his golden head vp-heaues
Aboue th' vnconstant watry liquid Maine,
There weeping *Memnons* losse, *Aurora* leaues,
Whose teares for pittie he quaffes vp againe,
Which all the night bedewed had each plaine :
The tender grasse seem'd by their withered crops,
To waile the wanting of these holesome drops.

And now the Light (expelling darknesse) shin'd
Through *Sophonisba's* chamber where she lay,
Who all this night was most extreemly pin'd,
With vgly visions did her mind affray,
That she can nought discerne : if it be day,
She thinks she dreames that which she waking sees,
Scarfe if she will giue credit to her eyes.

But whether that accustomed time,
Or then the loathing of a restlesse rest,
Or of imagination of some crime,
The waking Sent'nell of each carefull brest :
Or then the nature of a mind oppress'd :
Made her to know't, or if that all in one,
But now she finds the night away is gone.

Then

The Tragical Death

Then enters she for to bethinke what end,
The Oracles imported she had dream'd,
To which her fancies Commentar's do lend,
Direct contrare to that they had proclaim'd,
To apprehend the worst she is asham'd :
 Loue makes her iudge of things in such degree,
 Not as they were, but as she wisht to bee.

But now t' auoyd those ominous conceits
Sleepe did afford, she quickly vp arose,
Leauing the snow-white, soft, and lawny sheets,
Impouerish'd thereby t' enrich her cloes,
Which to presage her worser-comming woes,
 That day by fortune were of colour blacke :
 And thus vnwares deaths liuery she doth take.

In which her heart-bereauing beauty shin'd,
Like faire *Diana* in the fable night,
Or like a polish'd Diamond of Ind,
Set in blacke Iet, to giue a glance more bright,
Or like the great bright Patterne of the light,
 When that his glorious glistering beames do chase
 Some ouer-shadowing cloudes that make his face.

Her conquering eyes were in ambuscad layd
Of golden glittering haire, where twinkling they
Send forth such dazeling glances from that shade,
As *Phæbus* brighter neuer did display :
There wanton *Cupid* sporting himselfe lay,
 In those pure streames, which from those eyes distil'd,
 From whence vn-wares the haughtiest hearts he kil'd.

Her

Of Sophonisba.

Her smooth cheekes whiter then the whitest lawne,
Or winter snowes which couer *Atlas* face,
Where Nature artificially had drawne,
Her fairer nose, that fairer part to grace :
On whose each side a little distant space,
Vermillion Roses, and sweet Lillies grew,
Which checker'd that faire field with crimson hew.

Her teeth like rankes of orientall pearle,
With corall died lips were compas'd round,
From whence farre sweeter then the well tun'd merle :
Her heart-bereauing tongue did softly sound :
Words of such force the flintiest heart to wound.
Her baulmy breath, in worth, in taste, in smell,
Did ciuet, muske, and amber-greaze excell.

Her dimpled chinne (loues cabinet) where he,
To gaze on hidden beauty oft repar'd,
Their sat the wanton, and with lusting eye,
Now on her breast, now on her belly star'd :
Whose amorous soule with such hid ioyes insnar'd.
Betwixt her milky globes skipt oft from thence,
A littler lower to delight his fence.

Her marble necke did vnder-prop those graces,
Which from her line straight-body stately sprung,
Her foulding armes into there feuerall places,
Close by her tender dainty sides downe hung :
From whence her snow white hands, smooth, sleeke, and long,
In Iuory columns, did themselves forth spread,
Whose smallest touch the heauiest heart could glad.

The Tragickall Death

Her breast the cabbin of her Princely minde,
Whereon two alablaster globes were fixt,
Whose wounding aspect the beholders pin'de :
Being heere and there with azur'd veines commixt,
To tell her other rar'ties were prolix.

Imagine all her clothes of cristall glasse,
Where eyes cannot, let apprehension passe.

But liuely to expresse her right Idea,
And in a word her matchlesse parts to tell,
Such was sweet *Sidneis* faire, faire *Philoclea*,
VVhen her braue riuals at contention fel
By *Ladons* streames, yet ours did her excel.
In that his braine but dream'd of such as she,
Ours was that which, his braine dream'd her to bee.

Thus deckt (fweet Lady) both by Art and Nature,
Viewd, woundred at, admired by each eie,
She leaues her chamber like some heauenly creature,
Adorn'd with all the pompe of Maiefty,
But ah ! who can auoide the Fates decree ?
VVhat power can flie death, when he list to strike,
In court and cottage priuiledg'd a like ?

Nor doth this breath-bereauing monfter keepe,
A certaine diet, or appointed date,
For sometime they who most securely sleepe,
VVho doe on nothing lesse then death conceit,
There life then hangs into most dangerous state :
For why vnwares he oftines comes to many,
But being called for, feldome comes to any.

And

Of Sophonisba.

And when he comes, request, nor yet intreat,
With this remorselesse catife nought availes,
For when he finds approach the fatall date :
The execution neuer in him failes,
So many kinde of waies this theefe affailes,
That where so e're we goe, we walke, or fare,
Head-longs we run the post into his snare.

Ten thousand diuers meanes he has, whereby
He do's destroy this little world of man,
Sometime by naturall sicknesse makes him lie,
Till *Atrop's* cut the thred her sifter span :
Sometime by sword, by pestilence, or than
By cruell famine, which of all is worst,
Poore filly man to quit his breath is forst.

He sometime stirs vp brother against brother
To cruell iarres, like earth-borne *Cadmus* brood,
And which is more vnnaturall, makes the mother
T' inwombe againe her child for want of food,
And sometime makes within the raging flood,
The monstrous great *Balena* to intombe,
Poore wretched man within his hollow wombe.

And in this last age, mongst so many hunders,
Of diuers kindes of instruments he hath,
The deuill ha's moulded one engine that thunders
Destruction, ruine, horror, terrour, death ;
This mercy-wanting frame, this birth of wrath,
Not onely brai's to ashes, flesh and bones,
But ruins mountaines, hils and towers of stones

The Tragickall Death

Yet notwithstanding all those diuerse waies,
He hath referued secret meanes, whereby,
To kill whom neither sword nor famine slaies,
Nor naturall death, nor pestilence makes die :
Nor that is swallowed by the raging sea
With powerfull poison secret and vnseene,
He can dispatch, as he did serue this Queene.

For now the post, who, as you heard, was gone,
From *Maffinissa* so his iourney hied
That by the swift pac'd horses of the Sunne,
Were in their places to his Charriot tied.
He *Sophonisbae's* palace had espied,
And euen as from her chamber shee did goe,
He doth his letters and his credit shew.

But he no sooner doth approach her fight,
When lo her alwaies harme-misdeeming minde,
Takes apprehension all things went not right :
Whether t'were that her *Genius* so deuin'd,
Or that her thoughts suspiciouly enclin'd,
Marking the letters date and his great speed,
Coniectures some sad matter to succeed.

Yet doth she all that lies in her to couer,
This suddaine feare that so appales her heart,
And to that end ask's for his Lord her loue :
In what good health he was, and in what part :
And with that word her staggering tongue did thwart,
For the remembrance in what part he was,
Inforc'd her minde to sadder thoughts giue place.

Then

Of Sophonisba.

Then with a howering silence still she stands,
And gazes on the ground with staring eyes,
The simple swain to such abrupt demands,
Ere he could answer long amazed staies ;
At last with bashfull tongue he thus replies,
Your royall husband, Madam, and my Lord,
Rests in good health, as I can well record.

Of which (sayd hee) I hope his princely letter,
Can better far then I informe your grace.
I thanke thee friend (sayd shee) but fighes did let her
To say the rest, such was her carefull case :
Transported for a while, she held her peace.
Words killing fighes, fighes killing words againe,
So that betwixt them her discours is flaine.

This airy combat, this debate of breath,
This speech refrayning strife, this fighting warre
Did euen bewray what she to shew was laith :
And makes the carrier to discern her care,
Who sad to see a beauty matchlesse faire,
In such a plight (poore swaine) he smiling told her,
How much his louing Lord long'd to behold her.

By speech and iecture shee remarques him then,
Vndoubted badges of a troubled minde,
And neither token, nor appeerance can
Of any harme by his behaiour find ;
So that her feares they vanish with the winde.
And her disturbed thoughts of new takes hold,
Of better hopes which makes her somewhat bold.

The Tragical Death

She takes the letter, and with smyling cheere,
She opens and vnfoulds the seales with speed,
At the first view whereof it did appeere,
The crimfon beauty of her cheekes did fade,
Which straighr returns into a brighter red,
In scarlet collour dying all her face,
Which to pale whitenesse soone againe giues place.

But howfoe'r her bloud thus went and came,
Vn-interrupted she reads out the letter,
And hauing read it still reads o're the same :
The more she reads, it seemes she likes it better,
The standers-by thought it some louely matter,
Which in the reading bred her so great pleasure,
Leaues her alone to read it at more leasure.

Thus left, and left in such a taking to,
She takes the poyson and remarks it well,
Which she could not so vnamaz'dly doe,
But that her heart a sodaine change did feele :
Her dazled eyes began for feare to reell,
And if that honour had not come to aide her,
Fraile flesh and life to view it more had stai'd her.

Then enters straighr a combat in her soule,
Betwixt her honour and her fearefull life,
Life wishes her to shun a death so foule :
Honour by death praies her to end all strife :
Life yet intreats for respite to her life,
And honour still protests that in no case,
But by her death she can auoide disgrace.

And

Of Sophonisba.

And addes this more, that if she ment to liue,
She needs would leaue her, and with her also
Her chastity, which heauily did greeue,
To be a prey to an insulting foe :
And praies her to accept of either two,
 A glorious death with honour and with fame,
 Or still to liue with foule reproach and shame.

But life againe those reasons t' ouerthrow,
A thousand sweet alluring baits doth lay
Before her eyes, thereby to make her know,
T' was inhumane her selfe to kill and slay :
Sayd she let skil-contending Doctors play,
 Such tragicke fits that doe maintaine like fooles,
 This honour in their Academicke schooles.

And whereas honour now would threaten thee,
That if thou liue, thou must quite claime, for aye
Thy wonted fame and spotlesse chastity,
Who shall accuse thee for the same I pray ?
Thy husbands lost, captiu'd, gone, and away,
 For that no ranfome euer can redeeme him,
 So that for dead I doubtlesse doe esteeme him.

Dead must to dead, the liuing to the liuing,
The graue cannot be capable of loue,
It ill befeemes thy youth to be thus greeuing :
Must thou a mourner restlesse euer proue ?
Thy beauty was not fram'd to such behoue,
 That thy sweete yeeres should still consumed be,
 A votresse vnto loues-foe, chastity.

The Tragickall Death

Let veftalls, who all other Nuns excells,
Clofely immur'd from mens fociety,
While as they chat in their religious cells,
Maintaine this idle theame of chaftitie,
Let this their Euen-fong, and their Matins be,
A text more fitting that retired fort,
Then for the tender beauties of the Court.

Beauty (God knowes) was not ordain'd to mone,
Nor to liue chaftely at her firft creation :
For skilfull Nature, who hath made the Sunne
To giue vs light, made her for procreation,
Not Image-like for oftentation,
But as choife fruites are made-of for choife feedes,
And ftately Stallions to breed ftately feedes.

As th' Apple to the tafte, the Rose to fmell,
The pleafant Lilly to delight the eye,
Gould for the touch, sweete Mufick greefe to expell,
So rareft beauty was ordained to be,
The mindes defired full facietie,
The treasure of the foule, the hearts delight,
Loues full contentment both by day and night.

Stray but along the pleafant fields and fee,
If that each creature loues not in fome meafure,
The wanton birds fit billing on each tree,
To fee the faire Pawne wooe, it were a pleafure,
Beauty alone is not the Princes treasure,
Marke well each flock, by mountaine or by plaine,
Is follow'd by fome louing Nymph or Swaine.

There

Of Sophonisba.

There feeds the Heifer, and the gentle Ewe,
Courting the proud Bull, and the sawcy Ramme,
There does the courser his hotte loue purfue,
With his braue breeder in a mutuall flame :
The timorous Hare, and Conie doth the fame,
So doth the princely Stagge, the milke white Hinde,
All loue according to their course of kinde.

And if it be not that sole bird of wonder,
Th' Arabian Phoenix, nothing breath's but loues,
Which vestall like, doth spend of yeares fife hunder,
And neuer loues sweete operation prooues ;
The thought thereof, so much her chaste minde mooues,
That as agreeu'd to liue so long alone,
At length she burnes for forrow in the funne.

How then vnkindly honor with thee deales,
Who so vntimely would thy life bereaue ?
As if that nothing now saue death auailles,
Nor that thou could not liue vnlesse a slaue,
How fondly loe, she seekes thee to deceaue,
There's no such danger, if thou wilt beleuee,
From hence therfore, let no such thoughts thee grieve.

The meekest conquerors to a yeelding foe,
That euer yet aspir'd to greatnesse hight,
Are the braue Romans, who as wisely know,
To vse their mercy as they doe their might ;
Let not dispaire so much thy soule affright,
For why thy fates more good to thee designe,
If thou do not against thy fates repine.

Con-

The Tragicall Death

Conceit that thou must brauely liue in blisse,
Thinke that thy minde and fortune shall agree,
Who knowes but that thy noble friend ere this,
Has mollified proud *Scipios* hard decree ?
'Tis time enough sweete Queene for thee to dye,
When thou art not thy selfe, euen then alasse,
When thy true glasse shall shew thy wrinkled face.

Thy dainty corps fits better to receiue
The sweet imbracements of a louing friend,
Then to be made a morfell for the graue,
From whence againe it cannot be redeem'd :
Oh ! that from thence it might be still exeem'd,
Thy beauty is too delicate a prey,
By lothfome wormes to be consum'd away.

Thus fearefull life did for her selfe protest,
Still seeking intertainment by delayes ;
Till Honor mad to see her so posselt,
With such enchanting, false, and Syren sayes,
Her conquering colours boldly forth displayes,
Into the face of life, and in this fort,
Her arguments and errors doth retort.

And what O life ! and must thou too conspire
With her disgrace t'out-liue a glorious name ?
Fye, dastard, banish such a fond desire,
And blush thou didst conceit the same for shame,
I put the case thou passe the date of fame,
And that thou scape th' insulting victors wrath,
Yet what assurance hast thou of thy breath ?

Which

Of Sophonisba.

Which like a dreame, a smoake, a vapor flies,
Without assured or prefixed date,
How many well at morne or euening dies ?
„ Such is the frailty of our humaine state,
„ Most certainly vncertaine of our fate.
Yet this we know for certaine, wee must dye,
When, where, or how, God knowes, vncertaine wee.

Then peeuisht hagge, how dares thou thus perfume,
With thy be-lying reasons to perfwade,
This fortune-wronged Lady to see Rome,
As if no danger thereby might be had ?
Shall it of *Sophonisba* (ah) be said,
That she to shunne a transitory paine,
Made choice to liue vnto her honours staine.

No, no, it were an vnaduised choise,
Great Queene, for thee to liue with such disgrace ;
What more dishonour couldst thou do to those,
I meane to *Syphax*, *Carthage*, and thy race,
Then that thou shouldst now fearfully giue place
To lifes allurements, which doth seeke with shame,
To kill thee by the killing of thy fame ?

Would not great *Syphax* blush to heare it told,
His soules chiefe minion, darling of his heart,
T'inioy whose loue, hee was so fondly bold,
From the great Romans friendship to depart,
Which makes him liue captiu'd in endlesse smart,
Should now to his eternall grieve be made,
A lustfull prey vnto a lawlesse bed ?

And

The Tragicall Death

And would not Romes Corriuall to be forrie,
Great Carthage that her *Sophonisba* should
Be made a trophæ to the Romane glorie,
Whose matchlesse beautie oft-times purchase could
Mo friends to her then all her wealth or gold,
It doubtlesse would breed in that famous cittie
More hate to her then either loue or pittie.

What would thy parents, friends, and kindred say,
If thou shouldst yeeld a captiue now to be ?
But all bewaile the curst vnhappy day
Of thy conception and natiuitie :
Then drinke this potion, that thou maist set free
Thy matchles-noble mind from beeing thrall,
So shalt thou be most famous in thy fall.

Looke how we see on glasse *Neptunes* face,
Two warlike ships a furious fight begin,
Now flies the one, the other now takes chase,
Now by the loofe, now by the lee they rin,
The liquid Mayne with their sharpe beakes they twin :
At length they grapple, and then boords in haft,
And who first enters backe againe is chac't.

No otherwise within her care-fraught breast,
This powerfull combat twixt her life and honor,
Is still maintain'd by turnes, whiles th' one is chac't,
Whiles th' other flies, whiles both do set vpon her,
Yet neither of them to their side can win her :
But now to honor, now to life giues place,
And dares not either freely to embrace.

Now

Of Sophonisba.

Now in the midst of this intestine warre,
Uncertaine thus to either side to yeeld,
Her passions still augment, more growes her care ;
Her woes the greater that they are conceal'd :
“ Sorrow is lightest when it is reueal'd :
“ A heauy burthen to a troubled hart,
“ Is much to feele, and little to impart.

Yet in this sad and filent agonie,
While life and honor furiously contend,
Enters braue Courage with audacitie,
And giues this inward strife a fatall end,
And Honors high attempt doth so commend,
That in despite of what her life could say,
Makes her resolu'd to die without delay.

At last she gently enters to vnfold
Her currall lips, from whence her balmy breath,
Euen loath to leaue that paradized hold,
Where it so long time sweetly sojourn'd hath,
Flies howering bout her lips afraid of death,
Till gentle *Zephir's* gales finding it there,
Doth softly blow it to perfume the ayre.

Looke how in cleare Meanders winding brinkes,
The snow-white Swan her exequies doth sing
In sweetest notes, till that for paine she shrinkes,
And doth her musicke with her breath resign :
Euen so doth she, O to be wondred thing !
Vnto the poyson such sweet speeches breath,
As she had courted *Cupid* and not Death.

Thrice

The Tragical Death

Thrice-happy welcome guift (fayd he to me,
And much more welcome had thou bin (God knowes)
If husbands hands had not afforded thee,
For Deaths more grievous friends do giue then foes,
Yet art thou not to blame, thou knewst my choice
Was euer to preferre a glorious death
Before an ignominious seruile breath.

I thanke you hartly for your kind regard,
And for the due aduertisement you giue
Of *Scipio's* plots, against poore me prepar'd,
Who for his owne sake suffers me to liue,
The period of Ambition to atchiue,
To lead in triumph fuch a mighty Queene,
Who neuer fhall at Rome aliue be feene.

Nor fhall that proude ore-all-empiring citty,
Or her more proud inhabitants, whose rage
My father, friends, and kindred all but pittie,
Kild and vndid their furie to affwage,
Behold me captiue clof'd up in a cage,
Or lead in triumph to their Capitoll,
I rather chufe a thoufand deaths to tholl.

Where her faire glorious Dames enricht by fpoyle
Of an vnlawfull conqueft, daily weares
Thofe robes and iewels which with great turmoyle,
Others haue conquerd to their haplefse heires :
Who ouercome with this great power of theirs,
Giue all they haue to ranfome their poore liues,
Which they fend home to beautifie their wiues.

Shall

Of Sophonisba.

Shall they into their windowes richly deckt,
To gaze vpon my miseries remaine ?
Or shall they with their longing lookes expect
My wish'd approach, their eyes to entertaine
With the sad object of my glories waine ?
But ere their sights be satisfied so,
I rather chuse quicke to my graue to go.

No, none ore me shall so insult or vaunt,
Whome slaue nor captiue they shall neuer see,
Though conquerd and orecome my selfe I graunt,
In all things else, yet of my liberty
None other liuing shall commander be ;
Which I esteeme and prize at higher rate,
Then whatsoeuer riches, wealth, or state.

Shall I who in the highest chiefe degree
Of Fortunes fauour lately shin'd in grace,
Abase my selfe so low a slaue to be,
To those who ruin'd me and all my race ?
No, no such thought nor motion shall haue place,
Though all the euils on earth should me oppresse,
I liu'd a Queene, and I must die no lesse.

Let Rome triumph to heare of my distresse,
But neuer glorie to behold my wo :
Scipio my wracke in words may well expresse,
But me a captiue shall he neuer show :
Go who so list, I neuer meane to go
One foote, to grace his victories, I vow,
With his designs beeing so acquainted now.

Haue

The Tragicall Death

Haue not mine eyes as yet beheld alasse,
To many wofull obiects, but of force
They must behold and view their owne disgrace,
To grace the breeders triumph which is worse :
Is there no other pittie nor remorse ?
My crown's bereft, what rests there more to doe,
Must they bereaue me of my honour to ?

The gods and nature to the world did giue mee,
Most free by birth, and so I'ue liu'd as yet,
And of my birth-right would they now bereaue me,
To curbe me with captiuities hard bit ?
I minde not so from Natures gift to flit.
My freedomes lease till death doth not expire,
Which I to forfit neuer shall desire.

Thrice happy yee that spent your blessed breaths
In the defence of country liberty,
Who by your glorious and renowned deaths,
Exprest your mindes great magnanimity :
And left sad tokens to the enemy
Of your great valour and couragious spirits,
While each his death with his foes death acquits.

As most kinde children to your native soile,
In her defence yee spent your dearest blood,
Your eyes ne'r vewing the regratefull spoile
Heauens hauing your attempts and force withstood,
Which the proude fortune-follow'd multitude,
Of your fierce foes tooke on your haplesse ayres,
Being plagued both in this your losse, and theirs.

Of

Of Sophonisba.

Of which none iustlier may lament then I,
The wofull type of fortunes fickle grace,
Who with those haplesse eyes (alasse) did spie,
My noble father slaine before my face ;
And by his fide the most part of our race :
 My husband conquer'd and captiu'd also,
 In whose each grieve I felt a feuerall woe.

But fortune neuer wearied of change,
Vnconstant goddesse which affects nought more,
As if alone on mee she ment reuenge,
While death and horror stood my eyes before,
Did then present me with a shew of glorie,
 As if repenting of her former wrong,
 And yet meant greater iniuries ere long.

Who would haue thought amidst a world of woes,
While nothing but destruction did appeere,
All being in power of the insulting foes,
Life, liberty, or what I held most deere :
Teares in my eyes, my heart possest with feare,
 Looking for nothing but a shamefull death,
 That fortune then had mitigate her wrath ?

Oh ! had I died when death was so expected,
It had not seem'd so grieuous far (alasse)
For while I stood at vnder and dejected,
Bearing the burden of a sad disgrace,
I would haue thought he pittied had my case,
 Who had me kil'd in such a wofull plight,
 „ For death, in sorrow and despaire, seemes light.

D

But

The Tragical Death

But fortune false, her fury to fulfill,
Referu'd me then to a more wretched end,
As to make him the author of my ill,
Who from all euils did euer me defend;
But pardon me deere friend if I offend,
In counting thee a partner of my wrack,
Since death seemes grievous which from thee I take.

Scarfe haue I dream'd yet of that matchlesse pitty,
Which vnderferu'd you did extend to me,
When in the ruines of this sacked cittie,
Thou did preferue my wished liberty,
And which is more, vouchsafst me then to be,
Thy blift and happy, now curst haplesse bride,
Since this sad potion must our loues deuide.

How can I but regrate, complaine and moane,
When scarcely yet I haue begun to taste
Those speechlesse pleasures that attend vpon
The sweete fruition of a Nuptiall feast,
Where sacred Hymen should be chiefeft guest,
Sweete Madrigalls, and blessed hymnes be sung,
And no sad toales of buriall-bells be rung.

Oh let them iudge, who with delight and ioy,
Haue felt the pleasures of sweet wedlocks bed,
What griefe, what care, what sorrow, what annoy,
It's to forsake the same ere it be had!
Thus onely this, and nothing else thats said,
Makes me to hate this wofull gift of thine,
Which otherwise seemes a most blest propine.

But

Of Sophonisba.

But what, O loue ! and must thy passions be
So powerfull in my soule, that they must mooue
Mee to accuse him of feueritie,
Who in his actions al, most kinde doth prooue ?
No, rather farre detested be all loue,
Or it enforce me in a thought to fall,
To him I honor'd aye, and euer shall.

Sweete *Maffinissa*, courteous, gentle, kinde,
That you are so, ile seale it with my bloud,
Nothing torments so much my dying minde,
Thou wast not in my better fortunes lou'd,
And O that thou, if fates had thought it good,
Had crompt the blossomes of my beauties prime,
Which now you scarce haue tasted out of time.

This, this it is, breeds my eternall smart,
That in the desolation of my glory,
My wayning beauty did surprise thy heart,
Deare Lord, this makes thy dying spouse most sorry,
To thinke that she must be the wofull story,
A registred remarkeable mischiefe,
Whose loue had birth and buriall both in grieve.

That you are guiltlesse of my haplesse death,
I both attest the heauens and spirits aboue,
In witnesse whereof heere I do bequeath,
My heart to thee, in token of our loue,
From hence no amorous motion shall me mooue :
Farewell therefore, to life, to loue, and thee,
True witnesse of deare bought liberty.

The Tragical Death

Goe wanton *Cupid*, sport thee with thy mother,
In some more happy climate then is ours,
Here thou and Death will ne're agree together,
He likes the Graues, and thou the reuelling Boures,
Lasciuious Rome with her skie-mounting towers,
As Empreffe of all kingdomes and Empires,
Seemes fittest place for fuell to thy fires.

Whose amorous youths, when once they feele the force
Of thy enuened shafts, shall freely story
Mee and my *Maffiniffaes* sad diuorce,
Feeding their Ladies eares with farre-fetchd glory,
Straining their touns, their wits and memory,
In their best forme, with eloquence to show,
Such accidents as they desire to know.

One in his armes holding his deereft dame,
May haply court her with such words as these :
Faire worlds admired beauty, here I am,
Who not long since, amid ten thousand foes,
Most valiantly did this pure brest oppose,
Against the fury of the cruell't fight,
Yet neuer wounded till approach'd thy fight.

Hard by my feete, great *Hafdruball* lay flaine,
Who to all Romaines, bare innated hate,
Not distant farre from him was *Syphax* tane,
Who to oppose himfelfe againft our ftate,
Receiu'd in Dower his Daughter but of late,
Who now attends *Scipios* triumphant carre,
As the proud trophæ of this famous warre.

Let

Of Sophonifba.

Let them thus vainely prattle of my grieffe,
And mock my woes, my miseries and wrongs,
Let them spend time in telling my mischiefe,
Let my disgrace be subiect to their songs,
And let them all, these iolly things amongs,
Proclaime their vallour, and reueale our wrack,
Yet in my bonds they shall no pleasure take.

For death and I are now agreed together,
Euen from this moment neuer more to funder,
Who by no meanes will grant I should go thither,
Where worlds of eyes vpon my fall shall wonder,
Scipio may threaten, and proud Rome may thunder,
That I shall rest their euerlasting thrall,
Yet death has vowd to set me free from all.

Welcome thy friendship, sweete confederate Death,
Who still most faithfull in distresse doost prooue ;
Who would not gladly yeeld to thee their breath,
Since onely thou canst miseries remooue,
O how my foule with thee is false in loue !
Knowing how quickly thou her paines can finish,
Haste then sweet death, ere she her loue diminish.

How falsely haue they wrong'd the trueth, that faine,
(Thereby to make thee odious to our eyes)
Thee to be ougly, cruell, meager, leane,
Drawing thy portrait with deformities ?
Some paint thee fleshlesse, all but bones and knees :
Most like a withered vile Anatomy,
Some with a lethall Dart do picture thee.

The Tragical Death

But let the world thus paint thee as they list ;
Yet thou appeers most louely to my fight,
Who in this cup comes but to quench my thirst,
And not my foule with ougly shapes t' affright :
Well may that torment be accounted light,
That emptying with one draught this little boule,
From all difasters so may free my foule.

Why stay I then to surfet out this potion,
Whose droufie liquour shall breed such a slumber,
As I shall need to feare no careful motion :
Nor with my sad disgrace my thoughts to cumber,
My woes, my griefes, and my mishaps past number
Shall all be buried in eternall sleepe,
My heart, and eyes shall no more figh and weepe.

This body thereby shall bee sau'd from scorne,
These hands from bands, mine eyes from misery,
This head, which late imperiously hath worne
A Princely crowne shall not so abiect be,
As from anothers liberality,
Which tyrannizing did the same bereaue,
In seruile manner it againe receiue.

Victorious *Scipio*, Carthage fatal foe,
The scourge of Affrick, and the glorie of Rome,
Whose chiefeft drift and aime is t' haue me goe,
T' attend his triumphes vainely shall consume,
Those idle hopes by which he doth presume,
With my disgrace, to grace his high renoune,
In his proud entry, to that more proud towne.

For

Of Sophonisba.

For why my better destiny now faies,
From Affrick, Europe shall no way deuide,
This wretched remnant of my worser daies,
The best being spent already here in pride :
How can it iustly be to me denide ?

But as kinde Affrick, gaue me life and beeing,
To her againe I giue her owne, I dying.

Then O deere country ! yet in loue receaue,
This hatefull life that still your harme procur'd,
And in compassion grant my bones a graue :
Which while I breath'd your quiet still iniur'd,
Wherefore from hence that you may rest secur'd :
Deere soyle disdaine not such a small request,
That breeds thy peace, and my desired rest.

Yet one thing let my dying ghost intreat,
(Which to my grieve thy ruine doth presage)
Liue still with Rome, and Romans at debate,
Let armes gainst armes, rage be oppos'd to rage :
Kil, murther al, forbear no sexe, no age.
Agree at last, and that wil be to soone,
When either Rome, or Carthage is vndone.

To thee then freely, now I drinke my last,
With that the poyson to her head she hied,
And while her lookes she doth about her cast,
Least any had this act of hers discried :
Her staring eyes vnwares by chance espied,
The wofull story of Queene *Didoes* fall,
Drawne by some curious penfel on the wal.

The Tragical Death

Which with attention she remarques and viewes,
Wondring the beauty of the work-mans art,
Who in a thousand strange and diuers hewes
Of choicest colours had discharg'd his part,
All was so portrayd in this matchlesse Chart,
That liewes shadowes liuing bodies seem'd,
The paynter had each lineament so lim'd.

Aeneas Naue on the wauing Mayne,
Spred forth their proud sayles for to catch the aire,
Here sweld a billow, there it fel againe :
A thousand Daulphins skip vp here and there,
The mariners ay two and two by paire,
With supple palmes did span their heauie oares,
At whose sad strokes the wounded ocean roares.

High in a turret wretched *Dido* stood,
For to behold her faithlesse louers flight,
From whose faire eyes distil'd a christall flood
Of brinish teares when she beheld that sight,
Each thing was fram'd so curiously and right,
That whatfoeuer was to th' eyes presented,
Seem'd in effect farre rather, then invented.

A little lower did present to view,
The saddest obiect in this matchlesse frame :
There one might see how in despaire she drew
The cruell sword, then fell vpon the same.
O how the streames of purple blood forth came !
From which, as it had bin yet warme, did flie,
A little smoke which purld into the skie.

Looke

Of Sophonisba.

Looke how a rose which from the stalke is crompt,
Leaues here and there some bloffomes on the ground,
So here and there the place was all bedropt
With her vermilion bloud about her round :
The Painters skill in painting of her wound
Seem'd most diuine and exquisit indeed,
For still there-from the drops yet seem'd to bleed.

Sad *Sophonisba* wistly notes the storie,
And giuing foorth a death-prefaging grone :
Deare wronged Lady (quoth she) I am sorry,
That time will not permit me to bemone
Thy sad mischance, nor shalt thou grieue alone ;
For why I hope our ghosts shall meet ere long,
Where each to other shall complaine our wrong.

O how my fortune doth resemble thine !
How like thy sorrowes are (alas) my woes !
Affricke thy country, Affricke likewise mine :
Both our destructions from one fountaine flowes :
Aeneas thine, his of-spring now my foes ;
He bred thy ruine, they my sad distresse ;
He wrong'd a Queene, they wrong'd me now no lesse.

And since the greatnesse of thy mind was such,
Death to preferre vnto a liuing shame,
Shall not thy braue example moue as much
Desire in me for to performe the same ?
Let comming ages heare it told by Fame,
How *Sophonisba* imitating thee,
Chuf'd rather death, then liuing Infamy.

This

The Tragicall Death

This spoke without amazement, feare or dread,
She drinks the fatall poyson (noble Dame)
Which streight his venim through her veines doth spred,
Scorning resistance wherefoere it came :
Euen as we see a little sparke or flame,
 When once it kindles where it finds fit matter,
 From place to place his furious flames doth scatter.

Now while this powerfull potion in her veines,
So fiercely wrought, her life began to faile,
Which no more lordship in her brest retaines :
So bitterly death did it their assaile,
Which hauing bidden to her heart farewell :
 Her chiefest dwelling straight for feare she flies
 For safety vpwards to her lips and eyes.

There as if death had com'd awhile to play
Vnder the shadow of discheuild haire,
Which dangling o're her face and shoulders lay,
She yet retaines a countenance most faire,
Her gesture did her willing death declare :
 And as her breath by intermission dies,
 So peece by peece her beautie fades and flies.

Most like vnto a tender Lilly faire,
That's ouer-blasted with some raging storme,
Whose sauory blossomes late perfum'd the ayre,
Hangs downe his head, losing his wonted forme,
Or as a flower chokt with a canker worme,
 Euen so the native beauty now ore-blowne,
 Of this faire Queene seem's borrowed, not her owne.

Thus

Of Sophoniſba.

Thus while her life ſtayes in an houering feare,
Within the precinct of her curral lips :
Finding grim death had tane poſſeſſion there,
Not willing more to enter in his grips,
Giuing a bitter ſob from thence ſhe ſkips,
Leauing free paſſage to her ſoule oppreſt,
To leaue the daintie priſon of her breaſt.

But ſoule and body loth to part aſunder,
Both ſeeme ſome little reſpite to intreat :
Yet th' one muſt go, the other ſtay : a wonder
For all the world that viewes it to regret :
Victorious death now ſtrikes, he leaues to threat :
So this braue Dame her gallant gholt vp yeelds,
Which flies with triumph to th' Elizian fields.

FINIS.



CÆLIA.

Containing certaine
Sonets.

BY

DAVID MURRAY,

SCOTO-BRITTAINE.



To the right Noble and his most honoured

good Lord, RICHARD Lord

DINGWALL.

L *Et it not seeme offense to your sight,
(Most noble Lord) that here my Muse propines
You, with her youthfull follies, in those lines
Deckt with Inuention of conceits so light?
For the dread sounds (which dastard minds affright)
Of neighing coursers, and of trumpets shrill,
Had bin a Subiect fitter for my quill,
T' haue bred vnto thy haughty eares delight.*

*But since my Muse, as yet, did neuer frame,
Her sporting vaine, to sing of Martiall blowes,
(Which Mirror-like, your valorus arme oft showes
Both to your owne, and to your countries fame)
Yet deigne to view, her loue-sicke verse meane while :
Mars oft-times ioyes to see faire Venus smile.*

*And if vnto this idle humerous Vaine,
Where Youth and folly shew their skil-lesse Art,
She breed acceptance, she her wits shall straine,
(Ere it be long) a subiect to impart,
That to your noble eares shall seeme more worth :
Till when, accept this her abortiue birth.*

Your LL. to be commanded,

DA. MURRAY.

Sonet 1.

MY infant Muse, when I began to write,
Led by the furie of my vnstay'd yeares,
Sung euer as my fancie did conceit,
As by her method-wanting layes appeares :
Now prayf'd she *Calia's* beauty, then admires
Th' enchanting Musicke of anothers quill :
And now againe she would bewaile with teares,
Th' vntimely fals of some whom death did kill.
Thus neuer staying at one fetled theame,
Till that she grew more graue, and I more old,
Vnder protection of a royall name,
Faire *Sophonisba's* tragicke death she told.
Yet left poore Muse her first conceits were finor'd,
She here presents them to a Noble LORD.

Sonet 2.

KInd Nature once did labour so in birth,
That all the gods to helpe her were conuein'd,
ALL's Mother then such bitter throws sustaind,
Or she this child of wonder could bring forth :
At length supported by celestiall might,
She's brought to bed euen of a girle diuine,
Whom al the present Deities propine
With what rare graces could enrich the sight,
Loues Queene gaue Beauty, *Dian* Chastnes rare,
Minerua Iudgement, thundring *Ioue* the Name,
Apollo grac'd her with her golden haire,
Iuno the Heart that should all hearts inflame,
 Cupid gaue her his owne two louely eyes,
Wherwith all those are darterd who her fees.

3. *Sonet.*

BEauty beeing long a resident aboue,
With importune celestiaall futes was deau'd,
Of sacred sprites who still her fauour crau'd,
That she from thence resolued to remooue:
And so at last from top of all the Rounds,
Loue on his wings conuoy'd her here below,
Where she not willing any should her know,
Sought out the North to be her resting bounds.
There she remains her name being chang'd, yet stil
For beauty now faire *Celia* she is cal'd,
Whose fight sometimes, as it the gods all thral'd,
So now her lookes poore humane soules doth kil.
And oh no wonder! if they thus do end,
Since they but faile where gods could not defend.

4. *Sonet.*

THy beauty, *Celia*, so betrayd mine eyes,
That at the first they fore'd my heart to yeeld:
Thus ouercome into a bloudlesse field,
A yeelding slaue vnto thy mercy flees,
Where humble prostrate on affections knees,
Tyde with the chaines of strongest loue (alas)
I do intreat thy pittie to my case,
Pitty but which thy haplesse captiue dy's;
Then as thy beautie did but stroke or'come,
So let thy mercy without rigour saue,
Remorse and pittie shall thee best become,
Remorse and pittie which not els I craue.
Thrise happy thraldome if thou pittie moue,
Vnhappy bondage if disdain'd my loue.

My

5. Sonet.

MY griefes increafe still vrg'd me to impart,
My foules felt-paine vnto my fairest faire,
And that ſhe might b' acquainted with my care :
I choof'd my tongue the agent for my heart,
Which being well inſtructed as I thought,
In all the paſſions which oppreſſe a minde,
And being glad to ſhew how I was pin'd :
With ſwift wing'd haſt I *Cælias* preſence fought :
But I no ſooner had attain'd her fight,
When loe my tongue betra'd me to her eyes,
And daſtard-like into my throat ſtraight flies,
Leauing me cleane confounded with his flight.
Beat backe with fighes, yet it return'd againe,
But ſpake of pleaſure when it ſhould of paine.

6. Sonet.

STill muſt I grone, ſtill muſt I figh, ſtill mourne,
And cannot grones, nor fighes, nor teares haue place,
To make faire *Cælia* one ſweete ſmile returne,
Or at the leaſt to ſhew ſome ſigne of grace ?
Ah ! who would ſay that one ſo faire of face,
So rare of beauty, ſo diuine in all,
Diſdain'd to pittie one in ſuch a caſe,
And one poore ſoule who leaues her beauties thral ?
Still muſt I breath thoſe grievous grones in vaine :
Still muſt my fighs euaniſh in the ayre,
Still muſt thoſe teares be ſpent in waſte I ſtraine,
Still muſt my paſſions all increaſe my care.
Then gentle death come and diſſolue my paine,
Since fighes, teares, grones, and paſſions bred diſdaine.

E

7. Sonet.

7. Sonet.

PAle, sad *Aurora* leaue thy showres to raine,
 Of perl-like cristall teares thou dayly sheds,
 In tender bosomes of the flowry meads,
 Wayling his death wh' at Ilions siege was flaine :
 Oh let thy foule appeaf'd ! with this remaine,
 That those thy teares pleads pittie by there fight,
 And more, the great bright patterne of the light,
 To quench his drought carroufes them againe :
 Cease then to weepe, and leaue me still to mourne,
 Complayning best becomes my mirthlesse state,
 Wh' in quenchlesse flames of lucklesse loue does burne :
 (Thy *Memnons* losse requires no more regrade)
 And since my owne cannot procure but scorne,
 Lend me thy mouing teares, sweet weeping morne.

8. Sonet.

AND is it true deere, that you are vnkind ?
 Shall I beleue sweet Saint that you are so ?
 I feare you are, but stay, oh ! stay my minde :
 Too soone to credit that that breeds thy woe,
 Yet whether shall my resolutions goe,
 To thinke you are, or not vnkinde I must
 Th' effect saies I, and yet my fancy, no,
 Being loth such vndeferued harme to trust ;
 My passions thus such oppérations breed,
 In my deuided soule that I can not,
 Conceit you are that which you are indeed :
 Imperious loue doth so controll my thought,
 Vnhappy I that did such loue imbrace,
 Vnconstant you that hates such loue (alasse).

9. So-

9. *Sonet.*

BRight Angels face, the paradise of Loue,
High stately throne where Maiefty doth shine,
Beauties Idæa, sweetnesse sweetned shrine,
Cleare heauens, wherein proud *Phœbus* dazlers moue,
Faire pearly rolles that staine the iuory white,
Inuironed with corroll died walles,
Sweet-nectard breath, more soft then *Zephir's* gales,
Heart-reauing-tongue whose speech still breeds delight,
Smooth cheekes of Rose, and Lylies interlac'd,
Art-scorning-nose, in framing which no doubt
Nature of her whole skill plai'd bankerout,
When it in midst of such perfections plac'd.
Gold-glittering-tresses, and foules-wounding-lockes,
Onely proud eares, more deafe then flinty rockes.

10. *Sonet.*

M*Y Cælia* sat once by a chrystal brooke,
Gazing how smoothly the cleere streames did slide,
Who had no sooner her sweet sight espi'd,
When with amazement they did on her looke,
The waters flyding by her seem'd to mourne,
Desirous stil for to behold her beauty,
Neglecting to the Ocean their duty,
In thousand strange Meanders made returne ;
But oh ! againe with what an heauenly tune,
Those pleasant streames that issued from the spring,
To see that goddesse did appeare to sing,
Whom hauing view'd did as the first had done.
If those pure streames delighted so to eye her,
Iudge how my soule doth surfet when I see her.

11. *Sonet.*

THe Suns fond child when he arriu'd into
 The fights inuicigling palace of his fire,
 Incenf'd with a præposterous desire,
 Would needs to guide his fathers cart step to,
 So fondly I once, entering (alasse)
 Her chamber who bereaues not eyes, but foules,
 And whiles my bold approach there's none controules,
 I needs would venture to behold her face,
 But as *Appolloes* child more rash then wife,
 Did manage those fierce steeds with skilleffe Art,
 They like a fire-brand flang him from the skies :
 Thus while I ey'd her, beauty fier'd my heart :
 Only this difference rests betwixt vs two,
 I ceasleffe burne, his flames were quencht in *Po*.

12. *Sonet.*

AS *Icarus* proud of his borrowed winges,
 Following his flying father through the skies,
 About the ayery region did arise,
 And for to gaze on *Phæbus* vpward springs,
 Where while with howering pens he staring hings
 Thinking the glory of that cart to tel,
 From which his match in fondnesse head-long fel :
Appolloes rayes his waxen feathers fings :
 So I refembling him like fondly flew,
 For my desire being wing'd with fancies plumes
 To gaze on brighter rayes then those prefumes :
 Wherewith the Sunne, the sonne of *Dedal* flew.
 And as our flights so were our fals (alasse)
 He in the sea, I into blacke disgrace.

13. *So-*

13. *Sonet.*

A Due sweete *Cælia*, for I must depart,
 And leaue thy fight, and with thy fight all ioy,
 Conuoi'd with care, attended with annoy :
 A vagabonding wretch from part to part,
 Onely deare *Cælia* grant me so much grace,
 As to vouchsafe this heart befraught with sorrow,
 T' attend vpon thy shadow euen and morrow :
 Whose wonted pleasure was to view thy face,
 And if sometimes thou soliter remaine,
 And for thy dearest deare a sigh lets slide,
 This poore attender fitting by thy fide
 Shall be thy Eccho to repli't againe.
 Then farewell, *Cælia*, for I must away,
 And to attend thee my poore heart shal stay.

14. *Sonet.*

FOrfaken whether shal I goe (alasse)
 What place to me can any comfort grant,
 Sith I must leaue th' onely happy place,
 That doth retaine the worlds admired Saint ?
 Oh neuer let the rising Sun auant,
 I saw his brightnesse ! not her brighter face ;
 Nor let the night in fable shadowes hant,
 If that I dreame not of my deare some space.
 No longer with I to enioy this ayre,
 No longer craue I breath, no more to liue,
 Then that I may still gaze vpon my faire,
 Whose sweetest smiles all kind of comfort giue.
 Daies, houres and nights, and places where I goe,
 Til I her see shall but procure my woe.

15. *Sonet.*

DAies, houres and nights thy prefence may deteine,
 But neither day, nor houre, nor night fhall not
 Barre thy fweet beauty from mine eyes vnfeene,
 Since fo diuinely printed in my thought,
 That skilful Greeke, that Loues Idæa wrought,
 And lim'd it fo exactly to the eye,
 When beauties rareft patterns he had fought,
 With this thy portrait could not matched bee,
 Tho on a table he, moft skilful he,
 In rareft collours rareft parts prefented,
 So on a hart if one may match a tree,
 Tho skilleffe I thy rarer fhape haue painted.
 Not by Loues felfe, Loues beauty formed he,
 But by thy felfe, thy felfe art form'd in me.

16. *Sonet.*

Mount *Etnas* flames may peraduenture ceafe,
 Yet my true heart fhall burne ftill in a low,
 The fwelling ftreames o're bankes and brayes that flow,
 By miracle may ftay their fwifteft race;
 But reftleffe ftreames of liqui'd teares (alaffe)
 Shall neuer ftay from my poore eies to rin,
 The congeald ice longe frozen may grow thin,
 By the reflex of bright *Appolloes* face;
 But ah! my hopes fhall freeze ftill in difpaire,
 Til I enioy againe faire *Cælias* fight,
 Whofe beauties beames which shin'd o're me fo bright,
 Through longfome abfence thus procures my care.
 Sweet *Cælia* then make fpeed my flames to quench,
 To raife my hopes and thofe my teares to ftanch.

17. *Sonet.*

17. *Sonet.*

GAzing from out the windowes of mine eyes,
 To view the obieſt of my hearts deſire,
 My famiſh'd lookes in wandring troupes forth flies :
 Hoping by ſome good fortune to eſpie her,
 But hauing flowne with ſtaring wings long ſpace,
 And miſſing ſtill the aime that cauſ'd them ſoare,
 Scorning to feed on any other face,
 Turnes to their cabins backe and flies no more,
 And there encloſ'd diſdaines to view the light,
 Shadowing my face with ſable cloudes of grieve :
 And thus I breath in cares continuall night,
 Till that her fight afford me ſome reliefe.

Sweet then make haſt theſe cloudy cares to cleare,
 And glad thoſe eyes that holds thy fight ſo deare.

18. *Sonet.*

DEere once you told me that you dream'd my breath
 Was paſt, and that your eyes beheld my graue,
 Likewise you ſayd that ſorrow for my death,
 From out thoſe eyes diſtilling teares beraue,
 Ah t'was no dreame ! if you will but perceiue
 How in effect for you I houely die,
 Thinke that no viſion did you then deceiue,
 Sith you may view the very truth in me,
 If ſo you dream'd this onely ſeem's to be :
 A dreame that for my death ſuch teares you ſpent,
 Worſe then a thouſand deaths for you I drie,
 Yet for my grieve you neuer teare once lent.

But if for dreaming ſo you mourn'd ſo much,
 Farre rather mourne that in effect its ſuch.

19. Sonnet. *Being accused by a Gentlewoman for
stealing of a Booke.*

LEt not thy selfe, faire Nimphe, nor none of thine,
Accuse me of no sacriligious theft,
For by the world, and by the starry lift,
And by the honour I doe owe thy shrine,
By the infernall spirits, and gods deuine,
And by the hallowed stately Stigian brayes,
I neuer meant (sweete dame) thee to displease,
For why thy grieffe had likewise then beene mine,
If euer ought deare-loue from thee I stole,
I both protest and sweare it was no booke,
No nothing but a poore inueighling looke,
For which againe I left my freedome thrall,
Then blame me not for stealing of thy bookes,
Since you steale hearts, I onely steale poore lookes.

20. Sonet.

POnder thy cares, and summe them all in one,
Get the account of all thy hearts disease,
Recken the torments do thy mind displease,
Write vp each sigh, each plaint, each teare, each grone,
Remember on thy grieffe conceau'd by day,
And call to minde thy nights disturbed rest,
Thinke on those visions did thy foule molest,
While as thy wearied corpes a sleeping lay,
And when all those thou hast enrold aright,
Into the count-booke of thy daily care,
Extract them truly, then present the fight,
With them of flinty *Cælia* the faire,
That she may see, if yet moe ills remaines,
For to be paid to her vniust disdaines.

21. Son-

21. Sonet, *Made at the Authors beeing
in Bourdeaux.*

THOU Sunne, those trees, this earth, faire riuer cleere,
Vouchsafe t'attend my pittious plaints, alasse,
And if remorse of a distressed case
Can plead for pittie, listen oh to heare !
Then be reporters to my fairest faire,
To Phoenix *Cælia* of my restlesse paines.
This ages glory, whom the North retaines,
Inclos'd by *Neptune* for his darling there,
But ah ! those trees, this earth cannot remooue,
And *Phæbus* feares her rayes shall dim his pride,
And if this riuer should my complaint guide,
Then *Neptune* would grow iealous of his loue,
So that I craue all these supports in vaine,
I plagu'd alone, alone must beare my paine.

22. Sonet: *On the misfortune of Bellizarius, great
Lieutenant to the Emperour Iustinian.*

STay passenger, and with relenting looke,
Behold heere *Bellizarius*, I pray,
Whom neuer-constant fortune, changing aye,
Euen at the top of greatnesse quite forooke,
And which is wondrous, in a moment tooke
Mee from the hight of an Imperiall sway,
And plac'd me heere, blind begging by this way,
Whose greatnesse somtime scarce the world could brook,
And while thou daignes thy pittifull aspect,
Ah sorrow not so much my fortunes past,
As I beseech thee to bewaile this last !
That from such honour abiect-lie deiect,
I yet am forc'd a spectacle to liue,
Glad to receiue the meanest almes thou't giue.

Sonnet

*Sonet to the right worthy Gentleman, and his loving
cousin, M. Iohn Murray.*

WHile Eagle-like vpon the lofty wings
Of thy aspiring Muse thou flies on hie,
Making th' immortall Sprites in loue with thee,
And of those Ditties thou so sweetly sings,
Where quaffing boules of their Ambrosian springs,
And sweetest Nectar, thou diuinely staves :
Low by the earth (poore I) sings homely layes,
Till like desire of fame me vpward brings,
Then borrowing, from thy rich Muse, some plumes,
Icarian-like beyond my skill I soare,
While comming where thy songs are heard before,
My lines are mockt, that thine to match presumes :
And thus I perish in my high desire,
While thou'rt more prais'd, the more thou dost aspire.

Idem.

INriched sprite by great *Apollo* crown'd
With cirkling wreaths of stately laurell Bayes,
Scorning as't seemes that thy enchanting layes
Should haue their praise but of immortall found :
For heau'ns seeing earth, so be thy songs renown'd,
Draw vp thy sweetest Ditties to the skies,
Whose well tun'd notes *Phæbus* t'his harpe applies :
While as his chariot wheels about the Round.
And thus thy diuine-sprite-inspired Muse
Hath made thee here admir'd, belou'd aboue,
She sings so sweetly that she doth infuse
Wonder in mortals, in the godhead loue :
No maruell if thy songs b'admired then,
That yeeld both musicke vnto gods and men.

The

The complaint of the Shepheard Harpalus.

Poore *Harpalus* opprest with loue,
Sate by a christall brooke :
Thinking his sorrowes to remooue,
Oft-times therein did looke.

And hearing how on pibble stones,
The murmuring riuer ran,
As if it had bewail'd his grones,
Vnto it thus began.

Faire streame (quoth he) that pitties me,
And heares my matchlesse moane,
If thou be going to the sea,
As I do so suppose,

Attend my plaints past all releefe,
Which dolefully I breath,
Acquaint the sea Nymphes with the greefe,
Which stil procures my death.

Who fitting on the clifff rockes,
May in their songs expresse :
While as they combe their golden lockes,
Poore *Harpalus* distresse.

And so perhaps some passenger,
That passeth by the way :
May stay and listen for to heare,
Them sing this dolefull lay.

Poore

Poore *Harpalus* a shepheard swaine,
More rich in youth then store,
Lou'd faire *Philena*, haplesse man,
Philena oh therefore !

Who still remorseles-hearted maide,
Tooke pleasure in his paine :
And his good will (poore foule) repayd
With vndeferu'd disdayne.

Ne're shepheard lou'd a shepherdesse
More faithfully then he :
Ne're shepheard yet beloued lesse,
Of shepherdesse could be.

How oft with dying lookes did he
To her his woes impart ?
How oft his fighes did testifie
The dolor of his hart ?

How oft from vallies to the hils,
Did he his griefes rehearse ?
How oft re-eccho'd they his ills,
Abacke againe (alas ?)

How oft on barks of stately Pines,
Of Beech, of Holen greene,
Did he ingraue in mournfull lines,
The dole he did sustaine ?

Yet all his plaints could haue no place,
To change *Philena's* mind :

The

The more his sorrowes did increafe,
The more she prou'd vnkind.

The thought whereof through verie care,
Poore *Harpalus* did moue :
That ouercome with high despaire,
He quat both life and loue.

*Sonet on the death of the Lady Cicily Weemes, Lady of
Tillebarne.*

FAire *Cicil's* losse; be thou my fable song,
Not that for which proud Rome and Carthage straue
But thine more famous, whom ago not long
Vntimely death intomb'd so soone in graue.
Deare sacred Lady, let thy ghost receiue
These dying accents of my mourning quill,
The sweetest-smelling incense that I haue,
With fighes and teares vpon thy hearse to spill.
To thee (deare Saint) I consecrate ay still
These sad oblations of my mirthlesse mind,
Who while thou breath'd, this wondring world did fill
With thy perfections, *Phœnix* of thy kind :
From out whose ashes hence I prophecie,
Shall neuer fuch another *Phœnix* flie.

*Epitaph on the death of his deare cousin,
M. David Murray.*

REceiue (deare friend) into thy tombe those teares ;
Those tears which from my grieve-fraught eyes distil,
Whose drearie shew the true resemblance beares
Of those sad cares which inwardly me kill :

Take

Take them deere friend, since sent from such a one,
Who lou'd thee liuing, wailes thee being gone :

No fained teare, nor forged sigh (God knowes)
I sacrifice vpon thy wofull hearfe,
My mournings are according to my woes,
And correspondent to my grieve my verse,
My sighes are ceaselesse ecchoes, that replies,
For thy fad death my hearts relenting cries.

Aye me ! how can I but regrait thy case,
Who in the full Meridian of thy yeares.
While strength of body held the chieftest place,
And while thy selfe, thy selfe euen most appeares :
Death so vntimely should thy life bereaue :
Impouerishing thy friends, t'inrich the graue.

Ah ! had thou not beene sociall, gentle, kinde,
Most louing, courteous, liberall by measure,
Riche in all parts, but most of all in minde,
Which thou instord'st with vertues precious treasure :
Had thou not beene I say repleat with those,
Lesse had thy praises beene, and lesse my woes.

In nothing more thy vertue proou'd her power,
Then in thy friendships well aduised choise :
Who lou'd thee once, still loues thee to this houre,
The graue their fight, but not their loue doth close,
And which was more, the mightiest of the land,
Shee ioyn'd to thee into affections band,

And well the greatnesse of thy minde did merit,
Euen that the greatest spirits should thee cherish,

Who

Who of it felfe, did from it felfe inherit,
That which in great men do's but greatneffe perifh :
„ True worth is not difcern'd by outward fhew,
„ Vertues Idæa by the minde we know.

Ah foolifh they that bragge fo much in vaine,
Onely by blood nobilitate to be,
While in their bofomes they do fcarce retaine,
The fmalleft fparke of magnanimity !
I hold this for a generall Maxime good,
True honor comes from vertue as from blood.

And yet I cannot but confefle indeed,
That vertue in a generous ftomack fill,
Doth fhine more cleere then when it doth proceed,
From out a bafe-borne brest, marke who fo will,
For why thy worth had ne're fo cleerly fhin'd,
Had not thy birth beene equall to thy minde.

Without affection I muft truely fay,
Thou waft a well-borne Gentleman by birth,
Com'd of a race nere spotted to this day,
Thine anceftors were men of noble worth,
Famous in bloud, in vertue and in name,
And all, as thou, went to the graue with fame.

Whereof this comfort doth arife I fee,
To thofe that lou'd thy life, condoles thy death,
Though thou be dead in part, all cannot dye,
Thy mindes braue conqueft fhall furuiue thy breath,
Death may well triumph on thy bodies fall,
But thy great vertue euer florifh fhall.

Then

Then let thy ghost goe in eternall peace,
To the Elisian sweet desired rest,
There with the happy to enioy a place,
To taste the speechlesse pleasures of the blest :
Still fursitting those euerlasting ioyes,
That neuer feele disturbance, or annoies.

There liue still happy, while I haplesse heere,
Must celebrate thy exequies in sorrow,
Paying this tribute to thy tombe each yeere,
Of sighes and teares, which from my griefes I borrow :
And ah ! no wonder that I doe the same,
For both I beare thy surname, and thy name.

*Sonet on the death of his cousin, Adam
Murray.*

I Know not whether discontent or loue,
(Deere friend) hath bred this thy abortiue death :
Or if that both vnited shew'd their wrath,
To make thee this thy fatal last to proue,
But bee the motion what it list, did moue,
This thy vnlook'd for sad vntimely fal,
Yet with the losse of breath thou lof'd not al,
Thy better part still liues the heauens aboue,
And here thy pen immortaliz'd thy name,
From time, obliuion, enuy, and the graue,
That to corruption now thy bones receiue,
But can no way deface thy glorious fame,
Which stil must fore on wings of endlesse praise,
While yeers haue months, months weekes, and weekes
(haue daies.

FINIS.

A
PARAPHRASE OF
THE CIV. PSALME.
BY
DAVID MURRAY.



Edinburgh,
Printed by ANDRO HART.

ANNO DOM. 1615.

ROYAL HERBARIUM
OF THE NETHERLANDS

Herbarium

Herbarium
of the
Netherlands
Royal
Herbary
of the
Netherlands
Royal
Herbary
of the
Netherlands

Herbarium
of the
Netherlands



To his sacred Maieftie.

T*hat princely Prophet whose celestiaall Vaine,
In sweetest Measures, & soule-charming Layes,
To his deare Harpe so fealingly bewrayes
Mans perfect Way to Pleasure and to Paine :
Bequeath'd the Skill of his Skie-fostered Braine,
(Whilst he himselfe crownd with immortall Rayes,
Of endlesse Glory rests, not fading Bayes)
Here Phoenix like to be renewd againe.
And as from that Arabian Birds sweet Ashe
One still proceedes of like admired Wing :
The sacred Furie of best Israels King
To Britanes Monarch doth so fully passe,
By which inflam'd He sings, that Heauens Decree,
None worthy DAVIDS Muse, & Harpe but He.*

Your Maiesties humble seruant,

David Murray.



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A PARAPHRASE

of the CIV. PSALME.

MY Soule praise thou *Iehouahs* holie Name,
For he is great, and of exceeding Might,
Who cloth'd with Glorie, Maiestie, and Fame,
And couered with the garments of the light,
The azure Heauen doth like a Courtaine spread,
And in the depths his chalmer beames hath layd.

The Clouds he makes his chariot to be,
On them he wheeles the christall Skies about,
And on the wings of *Aeolus*, doth Hee
At pleasour walke ; and sends his Angels out,
Swift Heraulds that doe execute his will,
His words the heauens with fire lightnings fill.

The Earths foundation he did firmelie place,
And layd it so that it should neuer flyde,
He made the Depths her round about embrace,
And like a Robe her naked shoures to hide,
Whose waters would o'rflow the Mountains high,
But that they backe at his rebuke doe flie.

At the dread voice of his confuming thunder,
As these retire, the mountaines in the Skie
Doe raise their tops, like *Pyramids* of wonder,
And at their feet the pleafant valleys lie,
And to the floods he doth prescribe a Bound,
That they Earths beautie may no more confound.

The fertile Plaines he doth refresh and cheare
With pleasant Streames which from the Mountaines fall,
To which (to quench their Thirst) all Beastes draw neare,
Euen to the Affe whom neuer Yoake did thrall :
And on the Trecs by euery chryftall Spring,
Heauens Quiristers doe sweetly bill and fing.

The thirstie Tops of Skie-menacing Hils
He from the Clouds refresheth with his Raine,
And with the Goodnes of his Grace he fills
The Earth, with all that doth therein remaine,
He causeth her both Man and Beast to feede
The wholesome Herbes, and tender Graffe to breede.

The fruitfull Yuie strict-embracing Vine,
To glad Mans Heart he hath ordaind and made,
And giues him oyle to make his Face to shine,
And to encrease his Strength, and Courage breede,
The mighty Trees are nourishd by his hand,
The *Cedars* tall in *Lebanon* that stand.

On Whose wide-fpreading, high and bushie Tops,
The flightering Birds may build their Nests in peace,
And in the *Firre* that pitchie Teares foorth drops,
He hath preparde the *Storke* a dwelling Place.
The Mountaines are vnto the Goates refuge,
And in the Rockes the *Porcupines* doe lodge.

He hath appointed Seasons for the Moone,
To fade, to grow, whiles fair to looke, whiles wane,
And makes bright Phœbus when the Day is done,
In THETIS Lappe to diue his head againe :
He clowdes the Skies, and doth in Darknes pight,
Ou'r all the Earth the Courtaines of the Night.

Then all the beastes from out the Forrest creepe,
To seeke his pray the Lyon loudlie roares,
The Serpents hisse, the Crocodile doth weepe,
As if she would bewaile them she deuoures,
And when the Sunne returnes they all retire,
And in their Dennes doe couch them selues for feare.

And then doth man in safetie free lie goe,
To ply his worke with diligence till Night,
They wondrous wonders who, O Lord, can shew ?
The earth is filled with thy Glory bright,
And thou hast stor'd the Deepe-wyd Ocean Sea,
With Fish, Beasts, Monsters, numberles that be.

There doe the Winged Wooden Forts forth goe,
To climbe the glasse mountaines with their Keeles,
There *Liuiathan* wanders to and fro,
And through the waltring Billows tumbling reeles,
Who in that Liquid *Labyrinth* enclos'd
Doth play and sport as thou him hast dispos'd.

All liuing things, O Lord, doe wait on thee
That in due season thou mayst giue them food,
And thou vnfoldest thy liberall hands most free
And giues them euery thing may doe them good :
Thy blessings thou so plenteouslie distills,
That their abondance all things breathing fills.

But if thy face thou doe withdraw in wrath,
Thy creatures all then languish, grieue and morne,
Or if thou angrie take away their breath,
They perish straight and into dust returne :
But when thy Sprite thou sends them to renew,
All fresh doth flourish, Earth regains her hue.

In his most glorious workes let God reioyce,
Who makes the Earth to tremble with a looke,
Let men admire, and Angels with their voice
Extoll his Name whose touch makes Mountaines smooke ;
To this thought-passing speech-expresse, Lord,
While Breath extends will I still praise afford.

He will receiue my humble sute in loue,
And in his fauour I shall euer joye,
The wicked from the Earth he will remoue,
And whollie heauen-dispising wormes destroy.
But whilst they buried lie in endlesse shame,
My Soule praise thou *Iehouahs* holy Name.

D. M.

FINIS.



To the Author.

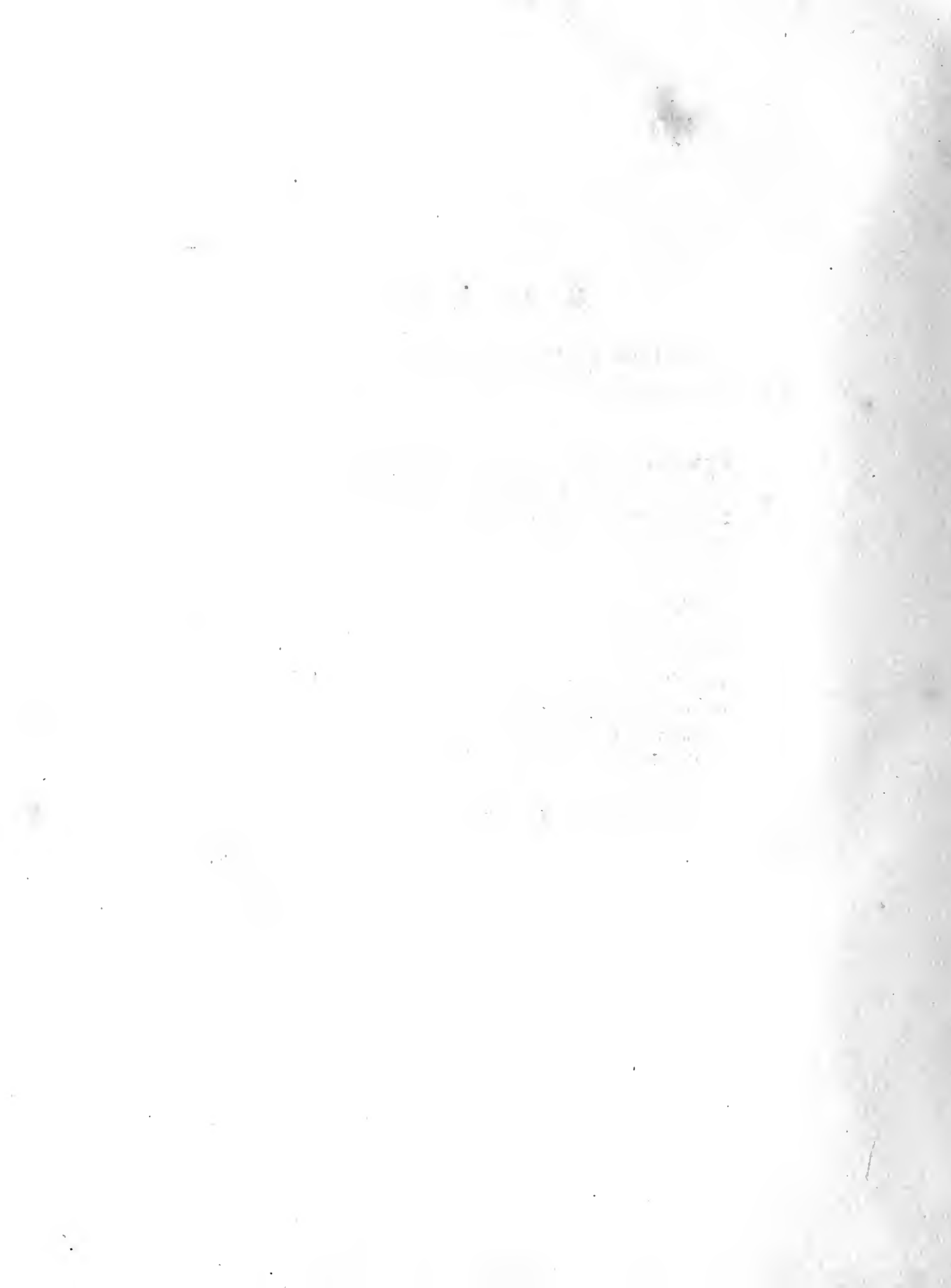
[WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORN-DENNE,

Prefixed to his Poems. Edinburgh, Printed by Andro Hart, 1616.

4to. sign. M. 3.]

THE sifter *Nymphes*, who haunt the *Thespian* Springs,
Ne're did their Gifts more liberally bequeath
To them, who on their hills suck'd sacred Breath,
Than unto thee, by which thou sweetly sings.
Ne're did *Apollo* raise on *Pegase* Wings
A *Muse* more neare himselfe, more farre from Earth,
Than thine; if Shee doe weepe thy Ladies Death,
Or sing those sweet-fowre Panges which *Passion* brings.
To write our Thoughts in Verse doth merite Praise,
But those our Verse to gild in *Fiction's* Ore,
Bright, rich, delightfull, doth deserue much more.
As thou hast done these thy delicious Layes :
Thy *Muse's Morning* (doubtleffe) doth bewray
The neare Approach of a more gliftring *Day*.

D. Murray.









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